'PUNCH' VOLUMES

COMPLETE SETS

The HALF-YEARLY Volume of **"PUNCH,"** *containing the Nos. from Jan. to June, 1893, is published this day, in brown cloth, gilt edges, price 8s. 6d.*

HALF-YEARLY—104 Volumes, to June 30th, 1893, price 8s. 6d. each.
YEARLY—52 Volumes, to December 31st, 1892, price £30 5s. 0d.
DOUBLE-YEARLY—26 Volumes, to December 31st, 1892. Half-bound, £27 1s.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PRICE THREE PENCE. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

☞ NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

USE LIEBIG "COMPANY'S" EXTRACT OF BEEF.

Each Jar of the Genuine Extract bears JUSTUS VON LIEBIG'S Signature in Blue Ink across label.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TIMOTHY'S QUEST." Small Libraries and Booksellers, cr. 8vo, linen, 3s. 6d.

A CATHEDRAL COURTSHIP.

By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

The Baron de Book-Worms, June 17th, said:—"There is only one word that will fittingly describe 'A Cathedral Courtship'—it is delightful." London: GAY & BIRD, 27, King William St., Strand.

THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

ESTABLISHED 1825.

Accumulated Fund, 7½ Millions Stg.

FOR PROTECTION

& INVESTMENT

EDINBURGH, 3 George St. (Head Office)
LONDON, 83 King William Street, E.C.
" 3 Pall Mall East, S.W.
DUBLIN, 66 Upper Sackville Street.
Branches & Agencies in India & the Colonies.

WEDDING PRESENTS.

The Largest and Choicest Stock in the World.

GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY,

Show Rooms: 112, REGENT ST., W.

[Electroscopic Company.]

[illegible] offering imitations of

MACNIVEN & CAMERON'S PENS

[illegible] and a blessing to men, the Waverley, and the Waverley Pen.

THE FLYING J PEN.

"They create both wonder and delight."

6d. and 1s. per Box, at all Stationers.

Sample Box of all kinds, 1s. 1d. by Post.

Waverley Works, EDINBURGH.

Penmakers to Her Majesty's Government Offices.

EPPS'S COCOAINE

COCOA-NIB EXTRACT.

(TEA-LIKE.)

The choicest roasted nibs (broken-up beans) of the natural Cocoa, on being subjected to powerful hydraulic pressure, give forth their excess of oil, leaving for use a finely-flavoured powder—"COCOAINE," a product which, when prepared with boiling water, has only the consistence of tea, of which it is now taking the place with many. Its active principle being a gentle nerve stimulant, supplies the needed energy without unduly exciting the system.

Sold in Packets and Tins, labelled:

JAMES EPPS and CO., Ltd.,

170, Piccadilly, & 48, Threadneedle St., London.

BENZINE COLLAS.—Ask for "Collas."
CLEANS GLOVES.—CLEANS DRESSES.
CLEANS GLOVES.—CLEANS DRESSES.
CLEANS GLOVES.—CLEANS DRESSES.

BENZINE COLLAS.—Buy "Collas."
REMOVES TAR, OIL,—PAINT, GREASE.
REMOVES TAR, OIL,—PAINT, GREASE.
FROM FURNITURE,—CLOTH, &c.

BENZINE COLLAS.—Try "Collas."
See the word COLLAS on the Label and Cap.
Extra refined, nearly odourless.
On using, becoming quite odourless.

BENZINE COLLAS.—Ask for "Collas"
Preparation, and take no other.
Sold everywhere, 6d., 1s., and 1s. 6d. per bottle.
Agents: J. SANGER & SONS, 489, Oxford Street, W.

HOOPING COUGH, CROUP.

ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION.

The celebrated effectual cure without internal medicine. Sole Wholesale Agents, W. EDWARDS & SON, 157, Queen Victoria Street, London.

Sold by most Chemists. Price 4s. per bottle.

Paris—BARAL, 14, Rue de la Paix.

New York—FOUGERA & Co., 30 & 32, North William Street.

BROWN & POLSON'S

Has 35 Years' World-Wide Reputation.

CORN FLOUR

PIESSE & LUBIN PERFUMERY FACTORY from every flower that breathes a fragrance

SWEET SCENTS
LOXOTIS OPOPONAX
FRANGIPANNI PSIDIUM

May be obtained Of any Chemist or Perfumer.

2 New Bond Street London

MAPPIN & WEBB'S TABLE KNIVES.

TENDER FEET

and PERSPIRING FEET instantly relieved by bathing in diluted "CONDY'S FLUID."

See the bottle is like this

GOLDEN BRONZE HAIR.

The lovely nuance "Châtain Foncée" can be imparted to Hair of any colour by using ÆRINE. Sold only by W. WINTER, 423, Oxford St., London. Price 3s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 21s. For tinting grey or faded Hair ÆRINE is invaluable.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE.

The Original and Genuine "Worcestershire Sauce."

For HOT and COLD MEATS, GRAVIES, SALADS, SOUPS, GAME, FISH, WELSH RAREBITS, &c., &c.

Lea & Perrins

Signature is on every Bottle of the Genuine and Original.

THE NEW PATENT

"Self-Closing" BRACELETS.

NEVER SLIP in whatever position placed.

Delightfully flexible and comfortable.

PRICES. In Gold - from £3 10 0
Set with Gems - " 5 5 0
With Watch centre " 8 17 6

LARGE VARIETY OF PATTERNS.

Sold by all leading Jewellers.

Wholesale only:

SAUNDERS & SHEPHERD, LONDON.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

RIMMEL'S BRIDAL BOUQUET

A New Perfume. Prepared only by EUGÈNE RIMMEL, Ld., Perfumers by Appointment to H.R.H. the PRINCESS OF WALES. LONDON AND PARIS.

Sold everywhere. Caution—See name on all goods.

THE FINEST & CHEAPEST CYCLES.

Illustrated List Post Free. 5,000 Testimonials and particulars of over 1,000 New Machines. Prices from £4 to £30. Easy terms from 10s. per month. MACHINES SENT CARRIAGE PAID.

BRITISH CYCLE MAN'F'G Co., Liverpool: 46, Everton Road. London: 42, High St., Camden Town, N.W.

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH.

SCRUBB'S (Cloudy Household) AMMONIA.

MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.
Invaluable for all Toilet purposes.
Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing, &c.
Restores the Colour to Carpets.
Cleans Plate and Jewellery.
1s. bottle for six to ten baths.
Of all Grocers, Chemists, &c.

SCRUBB & Co., 32a Southwark Street, S.E.

LIGHT LUNCHEONS AND AFTERNOON TEA are provided at the artistically furnished rooms of

"THE MORESCA,"

22a, WESTBOURNE GROVE

(First Floor).

BOURNEMOUTH.

ROYAL BATH HOTEL.

Patronised by H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Grounds five acres, with 1000 feet sea frontage. Due South. CAUTION.—ONLY HOTEL OF Licensed Establishment on the "EAST CLIFF." Tariff on application.

OXFORD.—MITRE HOTEL.

ONE OF THE MOST ECONOMICAL FIRST-CLASS HOTELS IN THE KINGDOM.

THE

BURLINGTON RESTAURANT,

169, REGENT STREET, W.

The most recherché for Diner Parisien in London. Luncheons and Dinners à la Carte.

BRUSSELS. THE GRAND HOTEL.

Magnificent establishment. Central position. Latest English hygienic improvements. Post, Telegraph, and Ticket Offices. Unrivalled Cave and Cuisine.

DUNNEBIER, Proprietor.

CALLARD & BOWSER'S

BUTTER-SCOTCH

(The Celebrated Sweet for Children.)

"Really wholesome Confectionery." Lancet

SAMUEL BROTHERS.

SCHOOL OUTFITS.

"ETON" SUIT.

Messrs. SAMUEL BROTHERS have ready for immediate use a very large assortment of BOYS' and YOUTHS' CLOTHING. They will also be pleased to send, upon application, PATTERNS of MATERIALS for the wear of Gentlemen, Boys, or Ladies, together with their new ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, containing about 425 Engravings. This furnishes details of the various departments, with Price Lists, &c.

ELLIS'S Chipping Norton Riding and Suiting Tweeds, Cheviots, Homespuns, Serges, &c. A very large assortment of the productions of this eminent firm is always kept in stock.

SAMUEL BROTHERS,

Merchant Tailors, Outfitters, &c., 65 & 67, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C. Workshops: Pilgrim St., Ludgate Hill; and 16, Gray's Inn Road.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

For ACIDITY of the STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT, and INDIGESTION.

Sold throughout the World.

HEERING'S GOLD MEDAL COPENHAGEN CHERRY BRANDY.

The Best Liqueur.

Foreign Medicines & Toilet Articles of Roberts & Co

Chemists, 5 Rue de la Paix, Paris

Keep at their London House

76 New Bond St. W.

all French & Foreign Medicines &c

THE HEALTH SEEKER'S VADE MECUM.

(*Revised up to Date.*)

Question. Is it good for the health to keep awake?

Answer. Certainly not; as sleep is most necessary to the body's repose.

Q. Then should one go to sleep?

A. No; for it must in the end be injurious to the mind.

Q. Is walking a good thing?

A. Certainly not; as it may lead to cramp.

Q. Is resting to be recommended?

A. Oh no; for exercise is absolutely a necessity.

Q. Is riding permissible?

A. Not when the wood pavement produces the new sore throat.

Q. Should we eat?

A. No; for everything is adulterated.

Q. Should we drink?

A. No; liquor is injurious.

Q. Should we starve?

A. No; meals are really needful.

Q. Is it safe to stay at home?

A. No; because change of air is most beneficial to everyone.

Q. Is it advisable to go abroad?

A. Not at all; many epidemics are reported to be rife everywhere on the other side of the channel.

Q. Is it good to live?

A. Scarcely; because illness is worse than death.

Q. Is it good to die?

A. Probably; everything else is a failure, so no doubt this, too, is a grand mistake.

TO CRICKETERS.!

OUT! FIRST BALL! A CATCH!!"

UNDER THE ROOSE.

ROUNDEL BY A RESTORED ONE.

(*Some way after a Swinburnian Model.*)

UNDER the ROOSE! Decay seemed slow but sure,
The golden chord MORS, lingering, aimed to loose;
But kindness, care, and skill work wondrous cure,
Under the ROOSE!

The patient probably had played the goose,
Liverish, listless, yielding to the lure
Of overstrain, caught in neglect's sly noose.

But symptoms pass if patience but endure,
And RONSON'S regimen brooks no excuse.
Nerves get re-strung, the brisk blood pulses pure,
Under the ROOSE!

OLD PROVERB VERIFIED.—"Miss VERNE, whose renown as a pianist is rapidly increasing, has hitherto been known to concert-goers as Miss MATHILDE WURM." So at last "the WURM has turned," and become Miss VERNE!

WHAT OUR EVENING PAPERS ARE COMING TO (*suggested by the newest thing in Pink and Green*).—Penny plain, and halfpenny coloured!

1893; OR, THE GOVERNMENT GUILLOTINE.

["Here comes a light to light us to bed,
And a chopper to cut off the last-last-last
Amendment's head!"
Old Nursery Rhyme "amended."]

THERE once was a Government good—
(All Governments are, so they tell us!)—
Who found themselves deep "in the wool,"
And a little bit blown in the "bellows."

Their foes, who were many and mean,
Persistently hunted and harried 'em.
Their time they to spend meant
On bogus "Amendment;"
They moved such by hundreds—and *all* to
befriend meant— carried 'em!
Jawed round 'em, and—now and then—
Singing fol-de-rol-lol-de-rol-lol!

That Government upped and it said—
"We seem to be getting no forrader.
It 's time to go 'full steam ahead!'
Bella horrida couldn't be horrider,
So let 's declare 'war to the knife!'
Dr. GUILLOTIN's knife, sharp and summary,
We *must* put a stopper
On Unionist 'whopper,'

Or else the best Government must come a cropper
Along of their falsehood and flummery!"
Singing fol-de-rol-lol-de-rol-lol!

"Doctor GUILLOTIN claimed that his blade
Was 'a punishment sure, quick, and uniform,'
So when sham 'Amendment' has laid
On the table its paltry and puny form,
We'll just give it time to turn round,
And if it 's prolix or cantankerous,
To the block be it led
And then—off with its head!"—
Well, for summary shrift there *is* much to be said,
When the criminal's rowdy and rancorous.
Singing fol-de-rol-lol-de-rol-lol!

SUB JUDICE.

(*An entirely Imaginary Report of an utterly Impossible Case.*)

THE MUSTARD MYSTERY. 120TH DAY.

TO-DAY the prisoner in this matter was once again brought before the magistrates on the charge already stated. The same counsel were present for the prosecution and the defence that had put in an appearance yesterday. The court was densely crowded.

BENJAMIN BROWN deposed that he had often slammed a door. He knew the sound of the slamming of a door, and thought he could distinguish it from the noise of an earthquake. On cross examination he admitted that he had not slammed a door, and had never been present at an earthquake. On re-examination he said that although he had not been present at an earthquake he was conversant with its characteristics.

JOHN JONES deposed that he had once seen a man who might have been the prisoner. It was sixteen years ago. The man to whom he referred was talking to a female. On cross-examination he admitted that, so far as he knew to the contrary, the man may have been addressing his grandmother. On re-examination he did not know that the female was a grandmother—she might have been a grand aunt.

RICHARD ROBERTSON deposed that he had seen a pair of slippers. They might have been the slippers of the prisoner. He saw one of those slippers thrown with considerable force at a water-butt. He had examined the water-butt, and there was a mark on it. On cross-examination he admitted that he did not know how the mark on the water-butt had been made. It might have been by a boot, and not a slipper. He did not know to whom the slippers belonged. They might have been the property of the prisoner. He was not sure that he had seen the slippers in the presence of the prisoner. In fact, he was not sure he had ever seen the prisoner before. He was also doubtful about the identity of the slippers. However, on re-examination, he was sure he had seen some slippers, and also a water-butt.

After some further evidence, the inquiry was adjourned until to-morrow.

FASHION.

"OH, MUMMY, HAVE YOU BEEN VACCINATED ON *BOTH* ARMS?"

THE THREE GEORGES.

THE following two letters have reached *Mr. Punch*, curiously enough, by the same post. Here they are, just as they were received:—

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Will you allow me, through your columns, to thank the public for the brilliant way in which they are recognising my claims to distinction? As I walk through the streets I see evidence on all hands that on Thursday night London will be ablaze with "G. M."! Permit me, Sir, thus publicly to thank a discriminating public.—Yours Egoist-ically, G-ORGE M-R-D-TH.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The Alderman in Art is beaten, and even the City is one continuous tribute to "G. M." Critics, envious of my *Speaker* reputation, may carp and say the tribute 's all gas—a half-truth, concealing truth; but the public evidently know where to look for the true critical insight. I am obliged to them, and I thank you for this opportunity of saying so.

Yours (naturally) as fresh as paint,
G-ORGE M-RE.

SOMETHING THAT HAD BEEN BETTER LEFT UNSAID. (*By an ex-Old Bachelor, discontented with his condition in general, and his Mother-in-law in particular*).—"I will!"

A WEDDING FAVOUR.—A reserved first-class compartment on the London, Chatham and Dover.

AD FRATREM.

BY A REMONSTRATIVE SISTER.

(*See "Ad Examinatorem," Punch, July* 1, 1893.)

DEAR TOM, you astonished me quite
With your vigorous verses last week,
It will be an unceasing delight
In future, sweet brother, to speak
Of the family poet—yourself!
Yet I feel I must bid you beware.
It may not be nice, but the word of advice
Is your favourite, "Don't lose your hair!"

Yes, I own it was rather a blow
When they brought out the merciless list,
For you primed up the Pater, I know,
With such rubbish, and just *would* insist
The Exam. was as hard as could be.
Ah! you painted it all at the worst,
It was hard lines on you, THOMAS, not to get through,
While the "crock" of a MAUD got a first.

Still, why did you rush into print
With your torrent of bitter complaint?
To do so without the least hint,
Well, brotherly, dear, it quite *ain't*.
'Twere wiser and better by far
To have laid all the blame on a tooth,
For whatever 's the use of a lovely excuse
If not in concealing the truth?

So bottle your anger, dear boy,
Forget how to shuffle and shirk,
Find intelligent purpose and joy
In a season of honest hard work.
You 'll pass when you go in again,
And eclipse in the passing poor me;
For a girl, though she can beat the whole tribe
Isn't fit, TOM, to have a degree! [of Man,

THE SONG OF THE SESSION.

AIR—"*What shall he have that kill'd the Deer?*"

WHAT must he have who'd kill the Bill?
A leathern skin, and a stubborn will.
Brummagem 's his home.
Take then no shame to name his name!
Bill-slaughtering is his little game.
He 'd be its death—he swore it,
As limb from limb he tore it.—
The Bill, the Bill, the lusty Bill!
Is it a thing Brum JOE *can* kill?

A TESTIMONIAL MANQUÉ.

(A SKETCH FROM THE SUBURBS.)

THE ARGUMENT—Mr. HOTSPUR PORPENTINE, *a distinguished resident in the rising suburb of Jerrymere, has recently been awarded fourteen days' imprisonment, without the option of a fine, for assaulting a ticket-collector, who had offered him the indignity of requiring him to show his season-ticket at the barrier. The scene is a Second-Class Compartment, in which four of* Mr. PORPENTINE'S *neighbours are discussing the affair during their return from the City.*

Mr. Cockcroft (*warmly*). I say, Sir—and I'm sure all here will bear me out—that such a sentence was a scandalous abuse of justice. As a near neighbour, and an intimate friend of PORPENTINE'S, I don't 'esitate to assert that he has done nothing whatever to forfeit our esteem. He's a quick-tempered man, as we're all aware, and to be asked by some meddlesome official to show his season, after travelling on the line constantly for years, and leaving it at home that morning—why—*I* don't blame him if he *did* use his umbrella!

Mr. Balch. (*sympathetically*). Nor I. PORPENTINE'S a man I've always had a very 'igh respect for ever since I came into this neighbourhood. I've always found him a good feller, and a good neighbour.

Mr. Filkins (*deferentially*). I can't claim to be as intimate with him as some here; but, if it isn't putting myself too far forward to say so, I very cordially beg to say ditto to those sentiments.

Mr. Sibbering (*who has never "taken to"* PORPENTINE). Well, he 's had a sharp lesson,—there's no denying that.

Mr. Cocker. Precisely, and it occurs to me that when he—ah—returns to public life, it would be a kind thing, and a graceful thing, and a thing he would—ah—appreciate in the spirit it was intended, if we were to present him with some little token of our sympathy and unabated esteem—what do you fellers think?

Mr. Filk. A most excellent suggestion, if my friend here will allow me to say so. I, for one, shall be proud to contribute to so worthy an object.

Mr. Balch. I don't see why we shouldn't present him with an address—'ave it illuminated, and framed and glazed; sort of thing he could 'ang up and 'and down to his children after him as an *heirloom*, y' know.

"Well, he 's had a sharp lesson,—there 's no denying that."

Mr. Sibb. I don't like to throw cold water on any proposition, but if you want *my* opinion, I must say I see no necessity for making a public thing of it in that way.

Mr. Cocker. I'm with SIBBERING there. The less fuss there is about it, the better PORPENTINE 'll be pleased. My idea is to give him something of daily use—a *useful* thing, y' know.

Mr. Balch. Useful *or* ornamental. Why not his own portrait? There 's many an artist who would do him in oils, and guarantee a likeness, frame included, for a five-pound note.

Mr. Sibb. If it's to be like PORPENTINE, it certainly won't be *ornamental*, whatever else it is.

Mr. Filk. It can't be denied that he is remarkably plain in the face. We'd better, as our friend Mr. COCKCROFT here proposes, make it something of daily use—a good serviceable silk umberella now—that 's *always* appropriate.

Mr. Sibb. To make up for the one he broke over the collector's head, eh? that 's *appropriate* enough!

Mr. Cocker. No, no; you mean well, FILKINS, but you must see yourself, on reflection, that there would be a certain want of—ah—good taste in giving him a thing like that under the circumstances. I should suggest something like a hatstand—a handsome one, of course. I happen to know that he has nothing in the passage at present but a row of pegs.

Mr. Sibb. I should have thought he'd been taken down enough pegs already.

Mr. Filk (*who resents the imputation upon his taste*). I can't say what the width of Mr. PORPENTINE'S passage may be, never having been privileged with an invitation to pass the threshold, but unless it 's wider than ours is, he couldn't get a hatstand in if he tried, and if my friend COCKCROFT will excuse the remark, I see no sense—to say nothing of good taste, about which perhaps I mayn't be qualified to pass an opinion—in giving him an article he 's got no room for.

Mr. Cocker. (*with warmth*). There 's room enough in PORPENTINE'S passage for a whole host of hatstands, if that 's all, and I know what I 'm speaking about. I've been in and out there often enough. I 'm—ah—a regular tame cat in that house. But if you 're against the 'atstand, I say no more—we 'll waive it. How would it do if we gave him a nice comfortable easy-chair—something he could sit in of an evening, y' know?

Mr. Sibb. A touchy chap like PORPENTINE would be sure to fancy we thought he wanted something soft after a hard bench and a plank bed—you can't go and give him *furniture!*

Mr. Cocker. (*with dignity*). There 's a way of doing all things. I wasn't proposing to go and chuck the chair *at* him—he 's a sensitive feller in many respects, and he 'd feel *that*, I grant you. He can't object to a little present of that sort just from four friends like ourselves.

Mr. Balch. (*with a falling countenance*). Oh! I thought it was to be a general affair, limited to a small sum, so that all who liked could join in. I 'd no notion you meant to keep it such a private matter as all that.

Mr. Filk. Nor I. And, knowing Mr. PORPENTINE so slightly as I do, he might consider it presumption in me, making myself so prominent in the matter—or else I 'm sure——

Mr. Cocker. There 's no occasion for anyone to be prominent, except myself. You leave it entirely in my 'ands. I'll have the chair taken up some evening to PORPENTINE'S house on a 'andcart, and drop in, and just lead up to it carelessly, if you understand me, then go out and wheel the chair in, make him try it—and there you *are*.

Mr. Balch. There *you* are, right enough; but I don't see where *we* come in, exactly.

Mr. Filk. If it 's to be confined to just us four, I certingly think we ought *all* to be present at the presentation.

Mr. Cocker. That would be just the very thing to put a man like PORPENTINE out—a crowd dropping in on him like that! I know his ways, and, seeing I 'm providing the chair——

Mr. Balch (*relieved*). *You* are? That 's different, of course; but I thought you said that we four——

Mr. Cocker. I 'm coming to that. As the prime mover, and a particular friend of PORPENTINE'S, it 's only right and fair I should bear the chief burden. There 's an easy-chair I have at home that only wants re-covering to be as good as new, and all you fellers need do is to pay for 'aving it nicely done up in velvet, or what not, and we 'll call it quits.

Mr. Balch. I daresay; but I like to know what I 'm letting myself in for; and there 's upholsterers who 'll charge as much for doing up a chair as would furnish a room.

Mr. Filk. I—I shouldn't feel justified, with my family, and, as, comparatively speaking, a recent resident, in going beyond a certain limit, and unless the estimate could be kep' down to a moderate sum, I really——

Mr. Sibb. (*unmasking*). After all, you know, I don't see why we should go to any expense over a stuck-up, cross-grained chap like PORPENTINE. It 's well-known he hasn't a good word to say for us Jerrymere folks, and considers himself above the lot of us!

Mr. Balch and Mr. Filk. I 'm bound to say there 's a good deal in what SIBBERING says. PORPENTINE'S never shown himself what *I* should call sociable.

Mr. Cocker. I've never found him anything but pleasant myself, whatever he may be to others. I 'm not denying he 's an *exclusive* man, and a *fastidious* man, but he 's been 'arshly treated, and *I*

should have thought this was an occasion—if ever there was one—for putting any private feelings aside, and rallying round him to show our respect and sympathy. But of course if you're going to let petty jealousies of this sort get the better of you, and leave me to do the 'ole thing myself, *I've* no objection. I daresay he'll value it all the more coming from me.

Mr. Sibb. Well, he *ought* to, after the shameful way he's spoken of you to a friend of mine in the City, who shall be nameless. You mayn't know, and if not, it's only right I should mention it, that he complained bitterly of having to change his regular train on your account, and said (I'm only repeating his words, mind you) that Jerrymere was entirely populated by bores, but you were the worst of the lot, and your jabber twice a day was more than he *could* stand. He mayn't have *meant* anything by it, but it was decidedly uncalled for.

Mr. Cocker. (*reddening*). I 'ope I 'm above being affected by the opinion any man may express of my conversation—especially a cantankerous feller, who can't keep his temper under decent control. A feller who goes and breaks his umbrella over an unoffending official's 'ead like that, and gets, very properly, looked up for it! Jerrymere society isn't good enough for him, it seems. He won't be troubled with much of it in future—*I* can assure him! Upon my word, now I come to think of it, I'm not sure he shouldn't be called upon for an explanation of how he came to be travelling without a ticket; it looks very much to me as if he'd been systematically defrauding the Company!

Mr. Filk. Well, I didn't like to say so before; but that's been *my* view all along!

Mr. Balch. And mine.

Mr. Sibb. Now perhaps you understand why we'd rather leave it to you to give him the arm-chair.

Mr. Cocker. *I* give a man an arm-chair for bringing disgrace on the 'ole of Jerrymere! I'd sooner break it up for firewood! Whoever it was that first started all this tomfoolery about a testimonial, I'm not going to 'ave *my* name associated with it, and if you'll take *my* advice, you'll drop it once and for all, for it's only making yourselves ridiculous! [*His companions, observing that he is in a somewhat excited condition, consider it advisable to change the subject.*

OPERATIC NOTES.

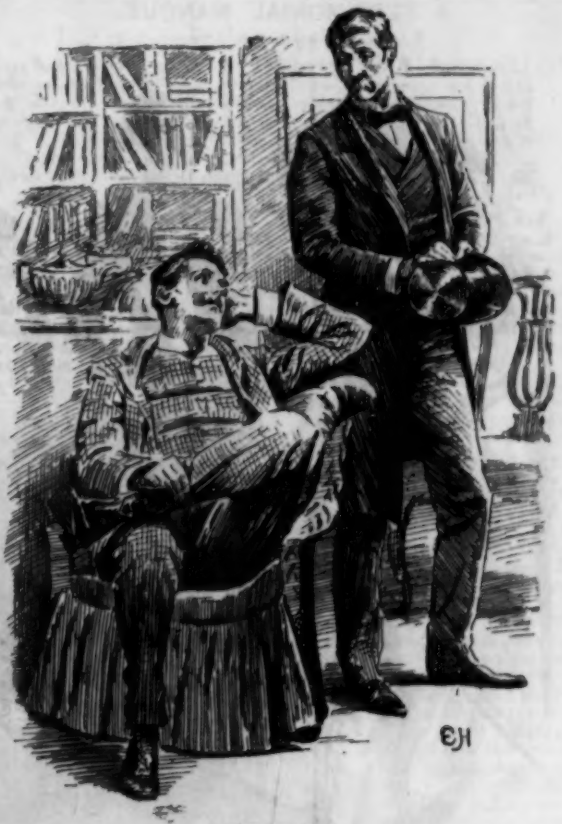
Tuesday, June 27.—*Faust*, in French. JEAN DE RESZKE was to have been *Faust*, but the "vaulting ambition" of the eminent Polish tenor led him to attempt a high jump with another Pole—the leaping-pole—and whether he had not his compatriot well in hand, or whether, "with love's light wings," *Roméo* did *not* manage to "o'er-top" the highest note above the line, deponent sayeth not, but this much is known, that he fell at the high jump, and, feeling the pain first in the under part of his foot, and then in the leg, he exclaimed, with *Hamlet*, "O my prophetic sole, my ankle!" the result being that he appeareth not to-night as *Faust*. If Frère JEAN DE RESZKE is going on by "leaps and bounds" in this manner, he will be known as "Brother JOHN the Risky."

"O my prophetic sole, my ankle!"

Madame NORDICA happy as *Marguerite*—at least she looked it, for even in the most tragic scenes there is always a sweet smile on her dimpled cheeks. Mlle. BAUERMEISTER makes a *Marta* of herself as the merry old dame; Mlle. GUERCIA, as *Siebel*, is a Siebeline mystery; LASSALLE, as *Valentine*, pleases *la salle*; but Brother EDWARD "*prends le gâteau*" as *Mephistopheles*.

Wednesday.—Tristan und Isolde, which may be rendered *Triste 'un und I solde-not-so-many-tickets-as-usual*, or *Triste 'un und I'm Sold*. "The fourth of the WAGNER Cycle." If there are eight of them then this is the Bi-Cycle, but there's more woe than weal in it, and though extracts may be relished by the learned amateur, yet, as a whole, WAGNER'S *Tristan* does not attract our opera-going public.

MEM.—No Nursery of Music can possibly be complete without "Leading-Strings."



ON TICK.

Seedy Swell. "I SAY, OLD CHAP, TELL US THE TIME. I 'M SURE YOUR WATCH GOES WELL."

Second S. S. "IT GOES BEAUTIFULLY. IT WENT SIX MONTHS AGO TO MY UNCLE'S!"

TO THE FRENCH OARSMEN.

(*From Mr. Punch, at Henley.*)

HERE 's a hand, my fine fellows; in friendship you come,
And *Punch*, who likes courage, would scorn to be dumb.
He greets you with cheers; may your shades ne'er diminish,
Though you row forty-four from the start to the finish.
You will bear yourselves bravely, and merit your fame,
For brave man and Frenchman mean mostly the same.
We shall do what we can—it 's our duty—to beat you,
But we know it will take a tough crew to defeat you.
And whatever the upshot, howe'er the race ends,
You and we, having struggled, shall always be friends.
So accept, while we cheer you again and again,
This welcome from Thames to his sister, the Seine.

SKINNERS AND SKINNED.—One portion of the ancient award of Sir ROBERT BILLESDON, Lord Mayor of London, in settling a dispute between the Skinners and Merchant Taylors, was, that these two Companies should dine together once a year. Mr. Justice BRUCE, alluding to this at the banquet on Skinners Day, when, as was natural, many lawyers were present, suggested that it would be a good thing if power were given to judges to "condemn litigants to dine together, and to order that the costs of the dinner should come out of the Consolidated Fund"—a very good notion. The idea might be extended to entertaining Wards in Chancery, of whom two unhappy infants the other day were had up at the Police Court for picking and stealing, in order to feed themselves and keep themselves alive until they should reach the age when they would come into their Chancery-bound property of something like £20,000. The magistrate ordered an inquiry, but of "subsequent proceedings" we have not as yet seen any record.

THE RISING GENERATION.

Host. "WHAT A SMART SET OF PEOPLE WE 'VE GOT TO-NIGHT, DEARY!"
Hostess. "YES. HOW I WISH ONE OF OUR DEAR GIRLS WOULD COME AND SIT BY US, AND TELL US WHO EVERYBODY IS!"

"HYMEN HYMENÆE!!!"

JULY 6, 1893.

["Bid her awake; for Hymen is awake!"
Spenser's Epithalamion.

"A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the blest'd lovers."—*The Tempest.*]

HYMEN, the rose-crowned, is in sooth awake,
And all the world with him!
Shall drowsy opiate dim
The eyes of Love to-day? No, let all slake
A loyal thirst in bumpers, for Love's sake,
Full beaded to the brim!

Like the Venusian's "mountain stream that
From bank to bank along, [roars
When autumn rains are strong,"*
A deep-mouthed People lifts its voice, and
pours
Its welcome forth, that like a Pæan soars
In strains more sweet than song.

More sweet than song, in that it straightway
comes,
Unfeigned, from frank hearts;
From loyal lips it starts,
Unprompted, undragooned. The highway
hums [drums
With the full sound of it. Fifes, trumpets,
Bravely may play their parts.

In the Imperial pageant, but the swell
Of the free English shout
Strikes sweeter—who dares doubt?—
On Royal ears. Music of marriage bell
Clang on, and let the gold-mouth'd organ
Of love and praise devout! [tell

But the crowd's vigorous clamour has a
Finer and fuller still; [voice
A passion of goodwill
Rings, to our ears, through all the exuberant
noise,
Which the recipient's heart should more
rejoice
Than all Cecilia's skill.

So rivals for Apollo's laurel wreath
May loudly strike the lyre,
"To love, and young desire;"*
But "bold and lawless numbers grow
beneath"*
The people's praise, and give the crowd's
free breath
A "mastering touch of fire."*

"Hymen, O Hymen!" beauteous ladies
cry,
"Hymen, O Hymen!" loud
Shout forth the echoing crowd
The city through; patricians perched on
high,
And the plebeian patient plodding by,
Raise incense like a cloud.

And Hymen's here, kind eye on all to keep,
Hymen, with roses crowned,
Leads on the Lion, bound
In floral bonds and blossom-bridled, deep
In scattered flowers. Your lyres ye laureates
And marriage measures sound! [sweep,

Not Una's guardian more gladly bare
Burden more pleasant—pure!
With footing gently sure
Leo on-paces. Hymen's torch in air
Flames fragrantly. Was ever Happy Pair
So served, or so secure?

Take the rose-reins, young bridegroom;
Leo's not hard to ride. [bridled so
Sweet MAY, the new-made bride,
Will find her lion palfrey-paced. And lo!
The genial god's unfailing torch aglow
Burns bravely at her side!

Epithalamia seem out of date;
Hymen cares not to-day
To trill a fulsome lay,
Or hymn High Bridals with Spenserian state.
Goodwill to goodness simply dedicate,—
Such homage *Punch* would pay.

"Hymen, O Hymen!" Like this torch's
Bright be your wedded days! [flame,
May a proud people's praise,
Well earned, be your award of honest fame;
And on each gracious head, [claim,
Light may it lie, the crown you yet may
As rest these roses red!

* HORACE, "Ad Iulum Antonium," Ode 2, Book IV.

* HORACE—*ut supra.*

"HYMEN HYMENÆE!"

A TALE OF THE ALHAMBRA.

MONS. JACOBI is a wonderful man. The undefeated hero of a hundred ballets—there or thereabouts—still beats time and the record with his bâton at the Alhambra; and his music, specially composed for *Fidelia*, is to be reckoned among his ordinary triumphs. *Fidelia* is "a new Grand Romantic Ballet," in four tableaux, and its performance justifies its promise. It is "new," it is decidedly "grand," it is absorbingly "romantic," and there's no denying that it is a *Ballet d'action*. But, as in the oft-quoted reply when little *Peterkin* asked "what it was all about," so will the ballet-case-hardened spectator say, "'Why that I cannot tell,' quoth he, 'But 'twas a spendid victory!'" Somebody, possibly one *Tartini*, played by Signorina CORMANI, is in love with *Fidelia*, Signorina POLLINI, as naturally anyone would be; when a comic servant, MR. GEORGE LUPINO, is frightened by a Demon Fiddler with his fiddle (both being played by PAGANINI REDIVIVUS) who either assists the lovers or does his best to prevent their coming together, I am not quite clear which. Up to the last it seemed doubtful whether the Demon Doctor was a good or bad spirit, or a little mixed. His appearance is decidedly against him, as he looks the very deuce. But I am inclined to think that he was a "*bon diable*," and was doing everything, as everybody else on the stage and in the orchestra does, for the best. After all, and before all, the show is the thing, and this will rank, as it does now, among the best of the greatest attractions hitherto provided by the Alhambra Company for an appreciative public and for

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

Scene from New Ballet.
Conductor Jacobi Demonio charming the public to the Alhambra.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MADAM DARMESTETER'S *Retrospect and other Poems* is turned out by FISHER UNWIN in that dainty dress with which he has made attractive his Cameo Series. We used to know Madam DARMESTETER as Miss MARY F. ROBINSON, a writer of charming verse. That in her new estate she has not lost the old touch is witnessed by several pieces in this volume, notably the first, which supplies the title. The penultimate verse of this little lyric is most musical. There are several others nearly as good. But occasionally Madam writes sad stuff. Of such is *The Death of the Count of Armaniac*, of which this verse is a fair sample:

"ARMANIAC, O ARMANIAC,
Why rode ye forth at noon?
Was there no hour at even,
No morning cool and boon?"

A Clerk in Our Booking-Office.

My Baronite, though not yet entered for the Poet Laureateship, thinks that kind of thing might be reeled off by the mile. Why not

My Maniac, O my Maniac,
Why rode ye forth at eve?
Was there no hour at morning tide,
No water in the sieve?

Three years ago an American firm issued a princely edition of *The Memoir of Horace Walpole*, written by AUSTIN DOBSON. It was too expensive for mere Britishers, and only a small number of copies found their way to this country. But the literary work was so excellent, that it was pronounced a pity it should be entombed in this costly sarcophagus. Messrs. OSGOOD, MCILVAINE, & Co. have now brought out an edition, in a single handsome volume, at a reasonable price. HORACE WALPOLE has often been written about since he laid down the pen, but never by a more sympathetic hand than MR. DOBSON'S, nor by one bringing to the task fuller knowledge of WALPOLE'S time and contemporaries. The charm of style extends even to the notes, usually in books of this class a tantalising adjunct. Mr. DOBSON'S are so full of information, and so crisply told, that they might with advantage have been incorporated in the text. The volume contains facsimiles of HORACE WALPOLE'S handwriting, an etching of LAWRENCE'S portrait, and a reproduction of the sketch of Strawberry Hill which illustrated the catalogue of 1774. Altogether a delightful book that will, my Baronite says, take its place on a favourite shelf of the library that has grown up round the memory of one of the most interesting figures of the Eighteenth Century.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

WEAR AND TEAR IN AFRICA.

[In the report on the proposed Mombasa Railway, it is suggested that the station-buildings should be enclosed with a strong live-thorn palisade, impenetrable to arrows.]

SCENE—*A Station on the Mombasa Railway.*

New Station-Master (*to* Telegraph Clerk). Did you send my message this morning, asking for a consignment of revolvers and arrow-proof shields?

Telegraph Clerk. Yes, Sir. I can't make out why we haven't had an answer. Something may have gone wrong with the wires. I sent one of the porters to examine them. Ah, here he comes.

A Porter arrives.

Porter. Just as I thought, Sir. Them blessed niggers have run short of cash, and they've bin and took a mile of our best wire.

Station-Master. Taken a mile of wire? What the deuce do you mean?

Porter. Ah, Sir, you're new to this 'ere job. Fact is, they can all buy theirselves a wife a-piece for two yards of our wire; and as there was a raid last week, and all their wives was made off with, they've just bin and took our telegraph wire to buy theirselves a new lot.

Station-Master. Dear me, how very provoking. I must make a report of this occurrence immediately! But what does this crowd in the distance mean?

Porter. Why bless my heart, it's a Wednesday, and I'd quite forgotten all about it. They always attacks us of a Wednesday, but they're a good half hour earlier than last week.

Station-Master. This is very strange, very strange indeed. I doubt if the directors will approve of this. (*An arrow pierces him in the calf of the leg.*) Oh, I say, you know, this will never do. Close the points—I mean shut the doors and barricade the windows. Let us at least die as railway men should.

Porter. Lor' bless you, Sir, we shan't die. We've only got to pick off two or three dozen of 'em, and the rest will skip in no time.

[*They retire within the palisade, and during the next half hour fight for their lives.*

Telegraph Clerk (*plucking three arrows out of his left leg*). Things are getting a bit hot. Hurrah! here's the 5.30 down express with revolvers and ammunition. Now we shall settle 'em.

[*Arrival of the express. Retreat of the natives.*

Station-Master. I don't think I quite like this life. I'm going to off it.

[*Offs it accordingly.*

AN OLD MAN'S MUSINGS.

(After an Afternoon Pipe, at Nazareth House, Hammersmith.)

["Here again, clustered close round the fire
Are a number of grizzle-lock'd men, every one is a true 'hoary sire.'
Bowed, time-beaten, grey, yet alert and responsive to kindness of speech;
And see how old eyes can light up if you promise a pipe-charge to each.
For the comforting weed KINGSLEY eulogised is not taboo in this place,
Where the whiff aromatic brings not cold reproval to Charity's face."
"An Autumn Afternoon at Nazareth House." *Punch, Nov. 5, 1892.*]

I DON'T just know who KINGSLEY was, but he was a good sort, I reckon!
When nerves are slack and spirits low, the glowing pipe-bowl seems to beckon
Like a good ghost or spirit kind to the fireside where age reposes.
Yes! bacca makes an old man's chair as easeful as a bed of roses.

Bad habit! So the strict ones say; expensive, wasteful, and un-Christian!
I cannot argue of it out; I 'm only a poor old Philistian.
But oh the comfort of a pipe, the company it lends the lonely!
It seems the poor soul's faithful friend, and oftentimes the last and only.

Thanks be, they 're not the hard sort *here*, in NAZARETH HOUSE. The gentle sisters
Take on a many helpful task; some of 'em, I misdoubt, are twisters.
I don 't suppose our "shag"-fumes seem as sweet to them as to us others;
But—well, they do not treat us here as badged machines, but human brothers.

Stranded, alone, at seventy-five, after a life of luckless labour,
One feels what 'tis to be esteemed not as a nuisance, but a neighbour;
A neighbour in the Good Book's sense; a poor one, and a helpless, truly,
But—*not* a plague, who 'll live too long, if he is cossetted unduly.

Lawks me, the difference! Don't you know the chilly scorn, the silent snubbing
Which makes a man, as *is* a man, feel he 'd far rather take a drubbing?
Old age and workhouse-duds may hide a deal of nature—from outsiders;
But do you think old "crooks" can't *feel*, when they 're shrunk from, like snails or spiders?

After my dinner, with my "clay," stringed round the stem, that gums, now toothless,
May grip it firmer, here I sit and muse; and memory 's sometimes ruthless
In bringing up a blundering past. We own up frank, me and my fellows,
Where we 've gone wrong, and, in regrets employ our wheezy, worn old bellows.

What might have been, if—if—ah, *if!* That little word, of just two letters,
Stops me worse than a five-barred gate. I wonder if it does my betters?

We never tire round Winter's fire, or settle-ranged in Summer weather,
Of telling of the wandering ways by which we gathered *here* together.

If some who prate of paupers' ways, their tantrums, or their love of snuffing,
Their fretting at cold, hard-fast rules, their fancy for sly bacca-puffing,
Could only scan the paupers' past a little closer than their mode is,
They 'd learn that still some sparks of soul burn in those broken-down old bodies.

And soul does kick at iron rules, and icy ways. Old blood runs chilly,
And craves the heat, of love, fire, pipe, to warm it up like. Very silly,
No doubt, from BUMBLE'S point of view! *Here* we 're held human, though so humble;
And, Heaven be blessed!—at Nazareth House we 've never known the rule of BUMBLE.

The very old and very young are much alike in many a matter;
Comfort and cheeriness we want, play or a pipe, romps or a chatter.
The Nazareth Sisterhood know this, and what is more, they work according.
'Tis love and comfort make a Home, without 'em 'tis bare roof and boarding!

Bitter-sweet memories come sometimes; but a gay burst of baby-laughter,—
For we all *laugh* at Nazareth House!—will banish gathering blues. And after?
Well, there 's the free-permitted whiff, the "old-boy" gossip, low but cheery;
Rest and a Sister's sunny smile soon drive off whim and whig-maleery.

And so laid up, like some old hulk that can no more hope for commission,
I sit, and muse, and puff; and wait that last great change in man's condition
That shifts us to that Great High House to which the Sisters point us daily;
Awaiting which in homely ease, Old Age dwells calmly if not gaily.

INTELLIGENCE À L'AMERICAINE.

Telegram No. 1.—Nothing could have been more terrible than the scene following upon the earthquake. The houses sank through the ground, and immediately a number of lions, tigers, and poisonous serpents, attracted by the unusual occurrence, sprang upon the poor inhabitants, and by their fierce attacks increased their misfortune. But this was not all. Men and women, using swords, battle-axes, and revolvers, fought amongst themselves, until the commotion created by the landslip assumed the appearance of a pandemonium. At this moment, to make confusion worse confounded, a heavy storm broke over the fast-disappearing village, and thunderbolts fell like peas expelled through a pea-shooter. As if this were not enough, several prairie fires crept up, and the flames augmented the general discomfort. Take it all and all, the sight was enough to make the cheek grow pale with terror and apprehension.

Telegram No. 2.—Please omit lions, tigers, poisonous serpents, swords, battle-axes, revolvers, thunderbolts, prairie fires and cheek. They were forwarded in Telegram No. 1 owing to a clerical error.

MRS. R. STARTLED.—"Most extraordinary things are reported in the papers!" observed Mrs. R. "Only the other day I either heard or read that there was a dangerous glazier somewhere about in the Caucasus, that he was using horrible language, and threatening to d—— you 'll excuse my using such a word—the Terek (whoever he may be), and that then he was going to amuse—no, the word was 'divert'—somebody. Clearly a lunatic. But who can be diverted by such antics? And why don't they lock up the glazier?" [*On referring to the report, her nephew read that "A glacier was causing great alarm," &c., &c., that it was expected temporarily to "dam the Terek, and divert a vast body of water," &c.*]

PISCATORIAL POLITENESS.

(*From a Yorkshire stream.*)

Privileged Old Keeper (*to Member of Fishing Club, of profuse and ruddy locks, who is just about to try for the Big Trout, a very wary fish*). "KEEP YER HEAD DOON, SIR, KEEP YER HEAD DOON!" (*Becoming exasperated.*) "'ORD BOU IT, MAN, KEEP YER HEAD DOON! YER M'T AS WEEL COME WI' A TORCH-LEET PROCESSION TO TAK' A FISH!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TORY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 26.—Hardly knew House to-night. Benches mostly empty; few present seemed to have no fight in them. Little round at outset on Betterment principle. Members roughly and not inaccurately illustrated it by staying outside. "In principle," said PHILIPPE EGALITÉ, "the Terrace is Better meant for this weather than the House." Mr. G. in his place, listening eagerly to speeches by KIMBER, FERGUSSON, and other oratorical charmers. Generally believed that he had gone off to Hatchlands for holiday; nothing for him to do here; Home-Rule debate postponed till Wednesday; Supply, in meantime, might well be left to Minister in charge.

"The fact is, TOBY," said Mr. G., when I remarked upon the pleasurable surprise of finding him in his place, "I really did think of making a little holiday, staying away till Wednesday. But when I got up this morning, looked round at green fields and lofty trees, they irresistibly reminded me of benches in House of Commons, and the pillars that support the gallery. Then the sunlit sky is very nice in its way; but do you know anything softer, more translucent or attractive than the light that floods the House of Commons from the glass roof? The more I thought of these things the more restless I grew amid tame attractions of rural life. This morning it might have been said of me, in the words of the poet,

> Although my body 's down at Hatchlands
> My soul has gone aloft——

to Westminster. The country is there all through the year and every day: Parliamentary Session lasts only seven, or at best eight months. This year, if we've luck, we may run it into ten. But then House doesn't meet every day. One is expected to go off to seaside, or somewhere else, from Saturday to Monday. Thinking of these things, couldn't resist temptation. So suddenly packed up, drove off, and here I am. Needn't stop all night, you know, if you fellows grudge me a little enjoyment; but shall at least begin evening pleasantly. Shall vote in division on Betterment question, and make statement on arrangements for Indian Currency."

Business done.—Some votes in Navy Estimates.

Tuesday.—CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN and W. WOODALL, V.C., the Casabiancas of the evening. They sit on Treasury Bench, whence all but they have fled; listen with polite attention to talk round Army Estimates; and when there 's anything like a lull get up and say few words. Whole proceeding a farce of drearily colossal proportions. Major-General HANBURY prances to front, reviews British forces under present Administration, finds many buttons loose, and numerous gaiters askew. Opportunity useful for showing that this Eminent Legislator has not given up entirely to Home Rule what was meant for mankind. Omniscience HANBURY's forte; Army Reform his foible. Honourable distinction for him that he has never drawn the sword on any tented field. Debates on Army Estimates invariably call to the front an amazing reserve force of unsuspected men of war. There are Colonels, Majors, and Captains enough to officer the army at Monaco.

There 's WEBSTER of East St. Pancras for example. The few Members present gasped for breath when, just now, he offered few observations on War Office management. What did he do in this galley? Well known that in interval of revising his popular Dictionary he trifles with the law. Might, in course of time, come to be Lord Chancellor; but never Field Marshal. That only shows how limited is current information, how true the observation that the world knows nothing of its greatest men. Why, for sixteen years WEBSTER served with distinction in the Third Battalion South Lancashire Regiment! Under his civilian waistcoat to this day he coyly hides the bronze medal for Blameless Conduct.

That he should take part in debate on Army Estimates not only natural, but, in national interests, imperatively desirable. HANBURY's case quite otherwise. He never set a squadron a field,

GOOD NEWS!

'Arry. "'Taint no good mikin' a fuss about it, yer know, Guv'nor! Me and my Pals must 'ave our 'D'y out'!"

Foreign Fellow-Traveller. "Aha! Die out! You go to Die out! Mon Dieu! I am vairy glad to 'ear it. It is time!"

nor the division of a battle knows more than ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS. Yet ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS is not more glib, authoritative, or, on the whole, more entertaining when Army Estimates are to the fore.

Business done.—Army Estimates in Committee.

Friday, 4 A.M.—Came upon NUSSEY an hour ago putting himself to bed on a chair in the Library. This his first experience of Parliamentary life; introduced at four o'clock yesterday afternoon, and took his seat for Pontefract. "Lawks mussey! and is this NUSSEY?" cried WILFRED LAWSON, whose aptitude for dropping into poetry beats *Silas Wegg* hollow. It certainly was NUSSEY yesterday afternoon, and this is what is left of him in the sunshine of a summer morning.

"Didn't think," he said, with a feeble smile, "that on occasion of my proud entrance upon Parliamentary life I should forthwith be made into an all-night NUSSEY. All very well to grow gradually into that state of life. Begin, say, with suspending twelve-o'clock rule, and getting off at one or two in the morning. But to plunge straight in like this is, if I may say so, a little hard on newcomer fresh from country. I suppose, from look of it, that it is only beginning of things. An all-night NUSSEY to-day; a weekly NUSSEY before parched July has wet its lips; and so on, till I become a monthly NUSSEY. Very kind of you to come and see me, but if you don't mind, I'll just drop off to sleep. Put the Amendments to the Home Rule Bill on the chimbley, and I'll take a look at them when I feel disposed."

A nice night we've all had; moreover than which, at a quarter to three, lemon squashes gave out, and as one of waiters in hoarse voice assured me, there wasn't "a bounce of hice" left on premises. Yesterday afternoon Mr. G. moved his time-table Closure scheme in speech cogency of which testifies to miraculous advantage of limitation of delivery within space of half-hour. PRINCE ARTHUR followed in best debating speech he has delivered since he became Leader. Most adroit in argument, excellent in manner, felicitous in phrasing. He, too, brief, and therefore necessarily to the point. After this flood-tide of talk opened, and flowed, shallow but persistent, for next four hours. NAPOLEON BOLTONPARTY, getting on board the Raft of Tilsit-cum-North-St.-Pancras, drifted up and down on washy flood. Erect, arms folded, and imperial hat cocked defiantly at Mr. G. Liberals howled at him; shouts of "Moscow! Moscow!" mingled with cries of "Waterloo!" and "St. Helena!" N. B. shook his golden lilies in their teeth, and punted his Raft into the Tory harbour.

JOEY C. turned up after early dinner, and the waters were speedily lashed into foam. Following the illustrious example of NAPOLEON BOLTONPARTY, JOSEPH threw off all mask of deference to former leader. Hitherto, even in moments of hottest conflict, JOEY C. has been sly, dev'lish sly, in his bearing towards his "right hon. friend." To-night he went for him, just as in days not so very far off good Conservatives like GRANDOLPH, amid thunderous Tory cheers, used to gird at the hero of the Aston Park Riots. "I admire the artful——" Here he paused, and looked down with bitter smile on the apparently sleeping figure of Mr. G. on the Treasury Bench. Five hundred lips in the listening throng involuntarily formed the syllables in familiar conjunction with the adjective. No, not yet. At present pace of progression "dodger" may come. To-night JOSEPH content, having gained the desired effect, to conclude the sentence with the words "—— minister who drew up this resolution."

At two o'clock this morning note was taken of fact that Mr. G., having been in his place almost incessantly since four yesterday afternoon, had carried his more than four score years off to bed. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD thought all sections of House would be anxious to spare the PRIME MINISTER further vigil. JOSEPH up like catapult. "Perfectly absurd," he snapped, "to attempt to make a fetish of name and age of PRIME MINISTER."

"There's one good thing we may hope to see come out of this night," said Member for Sark. "It should make an end of the treacly farce which bandies between hopelessly parted colleagues the title 'right hon. friend.'"

Business done.—Sat for thirteen hours, and negatived first Amendment to Closure Resolution.

Friday.—Having got away late last night, made up for it by coming back early this afternoon. Morning sitting, but no more fight left. Quite content with heroic struggle through long summer night; everything over by seven o'clock.

Hear touching story, which shows how deeply rooted in human mind is habit of censoriousness. Not two more respectable-looking men in House than BARTLEY and TOMLINSON. To be in their company is to receive a liberal education in deportment. Walking home this morning, after all-night sitting, in sad converse on possibilities of fresh development of iniquity on part of Mr. G., they passed couple of British workmen going forth to day's labour. Said first British Workman, nudging his companion, and pointing with thumb over his shoulder at wearied legislators: "Tell you what, BILL, *them* coves ain't been up to much good."

Business done.—Closure Resolutions agreed to. Home-Rule Bill packed up in compartments, to be opened as directed.

COMING EVENTS AT THE LYCEUM.—With the exception of *Becket*, the part of *Shylock* is HENRY IRVING'S most powerfully striking impersonation, and certainly ELLEN TERRY is at her best as *Portia*. It is played once again this month before our HENRY'S departure for America, and should not be missed by any genuine lover of SHAKSPEARE and of true dramatic art. *A propos* of this, a certain excellent lady, whose name, beginning with R, is not absolutely unknown to *Mr. Punch*, asked this question:—"Isn't there some character in one of SHAKSPEARE'S plays called '*Skylark*'?" Then, as she proceeded to give a hazy idea of the plot, it gradually dawned upon the listeners that the *Merchant of Venice* was the person of whom she was thinking.

"Memoria Technica." July 1.

"O MIGHTY Mars! If in thy homage bred,
Each point of discipline I've still observed;
Of service, *to the rank of Major-General*
Have risen; assist thy votary now!"

The Critic, Act ii., Sc. 2.

A FEW BARS REST.—According to the *Globe* the Cavalier ROBERT STAGNO, a well-known tenor, was arrested on a charge of forgery. What was it? Did he sign himself guaranteed as a tenner, worth two fivers, and 'twas afterwards found he wasn't? The report requires confirmation, as it is most unlikely that a tenor should go so low and do anything so base.

MRS. R. ON MUSIC.—Her nephew, who is an excellent amateur musician, read out an advertisement of a concert at St. James's Hall—"SARASATE *will play Suite No.* 2." His excellent relative, who is not well up in such matters, interrupted him with—"Ah! I *should* like to hear Miss SARAH SARTY play 'Sweet No. 2'! I daresay it has something to do with 'Sweet seventeen.'" No explanation was necessary.

"Why can Love neither be bought nor sold!
Because its only price is *Love!*

"All other goods by Fortune's hand are given;
A Wife is the peculiar gift of Heaven."—POPE.

"What constitutes national prosperity? Not wealth or commerce simply, or military achievements, but the greatest possible number of HEALTHY, HAPPY, and GRACEFUL HOMES, where the purest flame burns brightest on the altar of family love, and woman, with her piety, forbearance, and kindliness of love, is permitted to officiate as high priestess."

RICHES, TITLES, HONOUR, POWER, AND WORLDLY PROSPECTS ARE AS NOUGHT TO A DEEPLY-ROOTED LOVE!

A SONG OF GRATITUDE.

By the late S. C. HALL, F.S.A., who was over eighty years of age when he wrote the following:—

Thus saith a wise Physician cold:—
"STOMACH'S a master all should dread."
Oppose his laws—for Death prepare!
Obey them—Health will triumph there!
With grateful thanks I hail thy name,
ENO! and strive to give it fame.
Your SALT OF FRUIT can bring me ease,
And give me comfort when I please;
By true aperient, strong or mild,
To calm a fever, or soothe a chill;
Aid Nature without force or strain;
Strengthen heart, liver, lung, and brain;
Make the pulse neither fast nor slow,
The blood-heat not too high nor low,
So bringing health at little cost,
Reversing what neglect had lost!
To ENO'S SALT I owe a debt
The grateful mind may not forget;
With rhyme that debt in part I pay,
Experience teaches what to say.

"In every being throughout animated nature, from the most insignificant insect to the most enlightened, ennobled, and highly-developed being, we notice a deeply-rooted love for one possession before all others, and that is the possession of Life. What will not man give to preserve his life? The value of riches, titles, honour, power, and worldly prospects are as nought compared with the value which the sane man, however humble, and even miserable, places on the preservation of his life."

WHAT NOBLER AIM CAN MAN ATTAIN
THAN CONQUEST OVER HUMAN PAIN?

For HEALTH & LONGEVITY, use

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."

Experience shows that Sugar, Chemically-Coloured Acidulated Sherbet, Mild Ales, Port Wine, Dark Sherries, Sweet Champagne, Liqueurs, and Brandy are all very apt to disagree, while Light Wines, and Gin or Old Whiskey largely diluted with Soda Water, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is particularly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver. It possesses the power of reparation where digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health. ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" should be kept in every bedroom and travelling trunk for any emergency; always useful, can never do any harm.

The Value of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" cannot be told.
Its success in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia, and New Zealand proves it.

HEADACHE AND DISORDERED STOMACH.—"After suffering two and a half years from severe headache and disordered stomach, and after trying almost everything, without any benefit, I was recommended to try ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' and before I had finished one bottle I found it doing me a great deal of good, and am restored to my usual health; and others I know that have tried it have not enjoyed such good health for years.—Yours most truly, ROBERT HUMPHREYS, Post Office, Barrasford."

CAUTION.—*Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked* ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." *Without it, you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation.*

Prepared only at ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

CURIOUS OLD HIGHLAND WHISKIES

Age . . . 7 10 15 & 25 years in Wood.
Price per doz. 42/- 60/- 72/- 120/-

An eminent medical authority, in recommending the moderate use of Whisky, states that on no account should Whisky be used unless it is well matured.

DETAILED LISTS ON APPLICATION TO

MORELS,

210, Piccadilly, W.

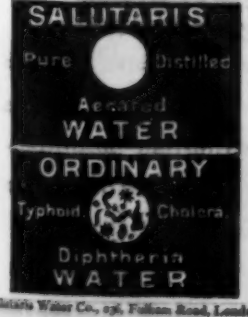
Whisky Bonded Stores, Inverness, N.B.

JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS'
PATENT OVERSTRUNG PIANOS
Iron Consolidated Frames, Patent Check Actions, &c.
Are for Sale, Hire, and on the Three Years' System.
JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS,
Temporary Address, 166, New Bond Street, W.

The Medical Profession strongly recommend

SALUTARIS WATER,

Pure Distilled Water Aerated, Unequalled
Plain, with Wine or Spirits.



Salutaris Water Co., 256, Fulham Road, London.

SAVORY and MOORE'S BEST FOOD FOR INFANTS

USED IN THE ROYAL NURSERIES. Tins, 1s., 2s., 5s., and 10s., everywhere.

Table Schweppe's Waters

Continue to be supplied to
Her Majesty the Queen.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS OF BOTH RED AND BROWN LABELS.

TO SMOKERS.

FLOR DE DINDIGUL, a medium mild of exquisite flavour and aroma. "Connoisseurs pronounce them better than Havannahs."—World, Dec. 9, 1891. Boxes of 100, 25s. and 20s. (two sizes), Samples (4 and 5), 1s., post free 12 stamps. HEWLETT, 49 & 74, Strand, & 161, Cheapside, London. Est. 1760.

COLT'S NEW UNITED STATES ARMY & NAVY REVOLVER

for Home Protection, Travellers, and for Military Purposes, takes Eley's .38 cal. Express and all other .38 cal. Pistol Cartridges.

COLT'S LIGHTNING MAGAZINE RIFLES.

for Large and Small Game, Long Shooting, and Target Practice, are unsurpassed for accuracy and unequalled for rapidity of fire.

COLT'S REVOLVERS
are used all over the World. Price List free.
COLT'S FIREARMS CO.,
14, Clarges St., Piccadilly Circus, London, W.

"C. O. M."

CURIOUS OLD MALT.

The finest type of DUBLIN WHISKY obtainable.
Over 50 years' established reputation.
Cases of 1 doz. bottles free to all Railway Stations on receipt of 50s.

ANDREWS & CO.,
DAME ST., DUBLIN,
Sole Proprietors of the C. O. M. Brand.
London Office—
12, JOHN STREET, ADELPHI.

A TOILET POWDER FOR THE COMPLEXION.

ALSO FOR THE NURSERY, ROUGHNESS OF THE SKIN, AFTER SHAVING, &c.

POUDRE D'AMOUR,

Prepared by Picard Freres, Parfumeurs.

Hygienic, and Prepared with Pure and Harmless materials.

Price 1s.

IN THREE TINTS:
Blanche—Naturelle—Rachel.

To be had of Chemists, Perfumers, &c.

Wholesale, R. HOVENDEN & SONS, Berners Street, W., and City Road, E.C., London.

OF ALL DEALERS.

Martell's "Three Star" Brandy.

BOTTLED IN COGNAC.

PACKHAM'S TABLE WATERS

ARE MADE WITH
DISTILLED WATER.
Manufactory, Croydon.

HOWARD BEDFORD STEEL SHEAF BINDERS

'K' BOOTS

For INFANTS, CHILDREN, & INVALIDS.

GOLD MEDAL
International Health Exhibition.

BENGER'S FOOD

In Tins—1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 5s., and 10s., of all Chemists, &c.

"Retained when all other Foods are rejected."—*London Medical Record.*

Allen & Hanbury's
Castor Oil
Tasteless. Pure. Active.
Sold everywhere at 6d., 1/, 1/9 & 3/.

"It is taken both by children and adults without the slightest difficulty. . . . Possesses all the advantages claimed for it."—*Lancet.*

Linen Lasts Longer.

Your Clothes delightfully fresh and sweet if soaked and washed with

HUDSON'S EXTRACT OF SOAP
OR
HUDSON'S DRY SOAP.

Shirt Cuffs will not be frayed or Collars jagged if Hudson's is always used.
Hudson's Leaves No Smell.

C. Brandauer & Co's
Circular-Pointed Pens.

SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS.

These Series of Pens Write as Smoothly as a Lead Pencil. Neither Scratch nor Spurt, the points being rounded by a special process. Assorted Sample Box for 7 stamps from the Works, **BIRMINGHAM.**

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

Supplies a Daily Luxury. Dainties in Endless Variety. The Choicest Dishes and the Richest Custard.

NO EGGS REQUIRED.

PEARS' SOAP makes the hands white and fair, the complexion bright and clear, and the skin soft and smooth as velvet.

"The name Cadbury on any packet of Cocoa is a guarantee of purity."

Medical Annual.

Cadbury's cocoa

"The typical Cocoa of English Manufacture, Absolutely Pure."

The Analyst.

Printed by William Stuart Smith, of No. 36, Lorraine Road, Holloway, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co., Limited, Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, July 8, 1893.